FOR ONE LONELY VOTER.

Remarkable Election Held in a District in France.

A curious election took place at Les Sables, in the department of the Var, recently, when a single elector drew up the whole list of candidates and was the only one to vote. He naturally voted for his whole list, himself included. The commune contains about 500 inhabitants. Some time ago the municipal council resigned. Elections were held on November 25 last, when only four men came to vote. There was to be a second election last Sunday. The whole day passed and not a solitary voter appeared. A quarter of an hour before the legal limit of time elapsed a benevolent citizen at last appeared, drew up a list of ten candidates, including himself, and voted. A quarter of an hour later the election was declared legally valid, and the other nine candidates were duly notified of their election. They have since declined in a body to be elected by a single vote. The good natured citizen, therefore, who alone voted now constitutes by himself the town council of Les Sables. What is stranger still is that he may invoke a precedent. In fact, on a previous occasion, another citizen was also the sole voter at an election, and voted for himself, remaining legally in office for ten years. This would indicate that political activity is at a low ebb in the Var, and yet the French prime minister, M. Clemenceau, is senator for that department. Perhaps his energy makes up for the negligence of the rest.

SHERIDAN VERY MUCH ALIVE.

Good Joke Brought Off in the Days of the Regency.

The First Gentleman in Europe dictated to Sheridan a letter making fun of the grotesque appearance of a crony of the Prince's, Maj. Hanger, at a ball given in celebration of the Queen's birthday. The Major, on receipt of a letter, hastened to show it to the Prince, who insisted that only a duel a outrance could wipe out the insult. On examining the handwriting the Prince said he had no doubt at all it was Sheridan's, and the author of "The School for Scandal" was accordingly challenged. The duel was of such vindictive deadliness that it was not till three shots on either side had been interchanged, and till Sheridan fell, that the honor of the Major was satisfied. "Killed, by G—!" exclaimed Capt. Morris, in a voice of horror, and he and his principal, the Major, fled the field. Unspeakable was the relief of the remorseful Major when Sheridan turned up that night at the Prince's dinner table. "How—how—how is this?" he stammered. "I thought I had killed you!" "No, my good fellow," replied Sheridan. "I wasn't good enough to go to the world above; nor as yet quite bad enough to go to that below; therefore, I deferred my departure. But, I say, Hanger, didn't I die well?" It was then explained to the mystified Major how he had been hoaxed by the Prince, who had arranged that the pistols should be charged only with powder.

Open to Grave Doubt.

Richard Harding Davis was talking in New York about the life of a reporter.

"A hard life it is," said he. "It is a life that takes all the energies. I don't care how great a genius a man might be, how resourceful, how persevering, how alert, all these qualities would be brought in play if the man turned reporter and on many a good story he would still fall down at that.

"Reporters are often snubbed. There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend Jimmy Patterson.

"The bank had gone up through a defalcation, and Jimmy went to interview its head. But its head was crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door.

"'Young man,' he said, 'I always make it a rule to mind my own business.'

"'Were you doing that,' said Jimmy, 'when the cashier made his haul?'"

Long Talks in London.

Those who sometimes complain of the inadequate telephone facilities of London doubtless do not realize that the metropolitan telephone's area is by far the largest city telephone area in the world, covering over 640 square miles, a space in which Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, New York and Chicago could all be set out with room to spare. The difficulties and the cost of building and maintaining a uniform telephone system at uniform rates in such a vast area, especially without proper facilities for constructing underground conduits for the wires—facilities which have always been refused by the authorities though denied to no other electrical undertakings—are not in the least appreciated by the average telephone loser.—London Engineer.

Bill Knew Grease.

One day Bill had company to dine with him, and his wife, wishing Willam to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said:

"Lolly, pass the grease."

"Why, William," said his wife, "you should call it gravy."

"Maud, says Bill, "I guess if it got on your tablecloth it would be grease."

BEGAN SELLING RAT TRAPS.

A Millionaire Made His First Money in That Way.

Joy Morton, the Chicago millionaire and president of the International Salt company which has extensive salt interests in Hutchinson, Kan., made his first money by selling rat traps, says the Kansas City Star. That was before his father, J. Sterling Morton, became secretary of agriculture in President Cleveland's cabinet, and when he and his brother, Paul morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance company, were boys in Nebraska City, Neb.

Joy Morton and his brother were on their way west the other day and were at luncheon at the Hotel Baltimore when he told the story.

"In those days the patent right was not in such bad repute," he said. "A man came to Nebraska City with a patent rat trap and I purchased the privilege of selling the devise in and about the vicinity of my town. The rat trap was a device fearfully and wondrously made and the price was five dollars each. It consisted of a large grab hook on a strong, heavy spring. When a rat nibbled at the bait he tripped the spring and the hook swung over and nailed him. The trap had one fault. It was good for only one rat, for after it had killed one none of his companions would go near it again for a long time, because they scented the blood on the wire. The eligible customers in my territory conceived that five dollars per rat was too extravagant a plan of extermination and I sold only six traps. It was the first money I ever made."

PUT END TO ONE CROP.

Last of Persistent Questioner, If Instructions Were Followed.

A well known congressman was addressing an agricultural meeting, and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops.

One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied.

"Well," said his interlocutor, "If Swedes don't come up what then?"

"Sow mustard," said the congressman.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?"

And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the congressman's patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter, by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

Cabby Found Out.

Cabby is very often a most sagacious person. One night Rev. John Williams, a newly-returned missionary, took a cab in a dubious frame of mind. He had been invited to dine with some friends at the house of an acquaintance whose name he had forgotten. He only knew that his host lived in Harcourt street.

"What am I to do?" he asked of his driver.

"Never mind, sir," was the reply. "I'll find it for you."

"But you can't; you don't know his name."

"Leave it to me, sir—leave it to me; I'll find him."

They drove to Harcourt street, and the man, beginning at the end, knocked at every door and made an inquiry. Halfway down the street he rejoined his employer and said: "It's all right, sir; it's here."

"How do you know?"

"I asked, sir, 'does Rev. Mister Williams live here?' And the maid said: 'No; but he's dining here to-night.'"—Stray Stories.

Through Long Use.

"Ask any sea captain of long standing," remarks a veteran skipper, "and he will tell you that long use of the teescope, the quadrant, and other instruments for making calculations at sea, has the effect of drawing the sight from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly and often through the instruments.

"This peculiarity of vision is common to all skippers and other ships' officers who have had very long experience on the sea. I can discern objects at an enormous distance with my right eye, but am scarcely able to read with my left. The tendency of Nature to adjust itself to conditions is heightened in this case by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially trying."

An Epic on the Sofa.

The only article of furniture that has had an epic all to itself is the sofa, though, considering the many hours of sweet repose which must have been spent upon it by tired humanity, it deserves to have had many. Cowper's placid poem upon it was inspired by his friend, Lady Austen, who suggested the sofa as a subject for his muse, and out of this beginning grew the whole structure of "The Task." In "The Sofa" Cowper opens with a "historical deduction of seats from the stool to the sofa."

Woman, Lovely Woman.

Fair Guest (at wedding)—They say the groom is a bright literary light.

Another—Yes, but she really ought to have married a railway conductor.

Fair Guest—Why, Maud, how you talk! Why should she have married a conductor.

Another—He might teach her how to manage a train.

THE COAT ON THE ARM.

Showing Importance of Making a "Front" in New York.

It is better to put on a stiff front and keep a stiff upper lip in this town than to have no front at all and bite your lip. It is not always the man who strolls down Broadway wearing a bland smile with a faded 'mum on the lapel of his coat and with his overcoat carelessly swung across his arm who dines at Del's or who owns a seat on 'change or who goes to Europe every year to buy pictures for his gallery. Sometimes a smile covers an empty stomach and an aching heart on the Great White Way. Through the midway of the great commercial artery between Herald Square and Longacre there stroll every day scores of men who carry their overcoats over one arm, regardless of temperature, simply because their "bennies" do not fit. The other day a portly chap who held a good place last season with a theatrical company strolled down Broadway. "Better slip on your coat," said a friend. "It's pretty cold, old man." "Oh, no, me boy," was the reply; "I'm not afraid of penumonia. Besides," and his voice took on a confidential tone, "don't you see me boy, I've outgrown this coat by 40 pounds and could not get into it with a shoe horn. I can't afford a new one, but I don't like to have it thought that I don't own a coat, you know. My suit, you see, will stand scrutiny, so I wear a chest protector, and everybody thinks I'm so hardy. It's a great scheme." Then he swung off up Broadway, a picture of mystery.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ALASKA'S GREAT FISH RIVER.

Nushagak the Basis of Important Canning Industry.

How many readers ever heard of the Nushagak river, asks the Youths Companion. Not many, it is safe to say. Yet the department of commerce and labor pronounces this river of western Alaska "one of the important fishing streams of the world." The fishwhich the Nushagak furnishes is salmon, the taking, canning, freezing and salting of which is an Alaskan industry, the importance of which is shown by a recent report issued by the department of commerce and labor. The first two canneries were built in 1878. Since then the number has increased until in 1902 there were 64 establishments, which put up more than 2,500,000 cases. Low prices since then have somewhat reduced both the number of canneries and the output; nevertheless, since canning began in Alaska, nearly 22,000,000 cases have been sent out. In order to provide some counterpoise to this tremendous drain the packers combined to start hatcheries. These have been carried on with important results and increasing success. In 1905 the United States bureau of fisheries took up the work, in addition to what had been done by the packers. There are now nine hatcheries, from which about 450,000,000 fry have been liberated.

Valuable Chairs.

The value of chairs is strictly relative. Enormous prices have been paid for chairs in recent years, notably the $100,000 for a set of half a dozen Louis XIV. chairs upholstered in Gobelin tapestry, originally made for Marie Antoinette. Even this price, however, was exceeded by sums paid for three of the Hamilton palace chairs, one of which brought $3,000. A most valuable and historical interesting suite of furniture is that which, more than a century ago, was presented by Warren Hastings to Tippoo Sahib, and which was purchased at the Londesborough sale for $5,000. The suite consisted of a card table and sofa, two small cabinets and four armchairs, all of solid ivory most exquisitely carved. But probably the most costly chair in the world is one of the treasures of the shah of Persia. It is of solid gold, thickly encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls and sapphires. Its value is estimated to be $2,500,000.

Hit Back.

Walking along a road in the remote west of Ireland, two tourists were passing one of the cottages, or, as they are better known in the country, "cabins," of the peasantry. This particular "cabin" was even a more than usually dilapidated specimen of its class, and the chimney, consisting mainly of the remains of an old top hat, presented a comical, if pathetic, appearance.

Tipping his friend a wink, one of the tourists accosted a youth who was sitting contentedly on a fence.

"I say my boy," he said, "does that chimney draw well?"

"Shure, thin, it does," was the prompt reply; "it draws the notice o' iverey fool that passes by!"

Not the New England Variety.

"O! they're real swell people," said the Chicago man; "an old 'Mayflower family,' I believe."

"You mean their ancestors came over in the Mayflower?" asked the visitor from the East.

"O! no. I mean they made their money in 'Mayflower Hams;' oldest brand o' hams in this section."

Succeeded.

Bacon—You say Grafton is a successful man?

Egbert—He certainly is.

Bacon—But I understand his business methods are questionable; why then call him a successful man?

Egbert—Because he's kept out of jail so far.

EXCITING INCIDENT IN CHURCH.

Burning Hat Not Unnaturally Cause of Great Commotion.

An exciting incident occurred in a church at Heaton Moor, Manchester, England, during a recent service. While the congregation were singing the last hymn a tall waving plume in a young lady's hat was ignited at a gas bracket and began to blaze. The flames were observed by a member of the choir, and he immediately left the choir stalls and ran down the chancel. Pulling off his coat as he went he rushed past the lectern and down one of the aisles to where the lady was standing. Two school boys sitting behind saw what had occurred, and instantly began to search for the hat pins. The lady, not knowing the reason for such a liberty, had not recovered from her first shock of indignant surprise before she was stunned with amazement by the apparition of a wild-eyed, coatless person unmistakably bearing down on her. The congregation naturally turned round to follow the movements of the sprinting choirster. Just before he reached her the school boys solved the mystery of the hat pins and and dragged the hat off her head and stamped the fire out with their feet. This act, however, was too late to save her from the intention of her imperious rescuer, who enveloped her face and head with his coat. The congregation were inwardly convulsed, the young lady collapsed, and the reaction of the excitement was clearly defined on the face of the gallant gentleman as he retraced his steps to the choir stalls.

TO BREAK INTO SOCIETY.

One Must Be Able to Contribute to the General Gayety.

Some one has said that to get into London society you must feed people, amuse people or shock people. In New York, according to Good Housekeeping, you must at least attract their attention.

Having once attracted their attention you must make it evident, if you are an outsider, that you have something to bring: Beauty, if it is conspicuous enough; brains, if they are coined into the small change of social intercourse; money, if you know how to use it.

It is not enough to be well born, well bred, well off, well dressed, well educated. Not a block of the residential parts of New York but is filled with people who are all of these.

There is another requirement in order to be desirable socially, namely, to have something to contribute to the general gayety. Men have grasped this fact in business. A man does not go and ask another for a job on the ground that there is nothing against him. But women seem to feel that an absence of any disqualification should set them in society at once.

Voice of American Women.

Why is it always the women of America who are rebuked for their way of speaking when it is really the men who deserve a scolding? American women have their peculiarities, but their voices and their accents are at any rate careful, and have a refinement of their own—not an English finish, but a very perceptible one, says a writer in the London Chronicle. On the other hand American men very seldom have what one must call, so as to be understood, an educated voice. The first thing that strikes the newcomer in the United States is the uncultivated speech of gentlemen. It is unlike anything in Europe, unless some of the intonations in south Germany may be likened to it. And this makes the very great difference between Boston and the other cities. The Boston man has the very sound of Oxford. But let us cease to complain of the clear and elastic pronunciation of the women.

Told by the Teeth.

"A man carries a good barometer in his teeth," declares a dentist of large experience. "The teeth are peculiarly affected by damp weather, especially bad teeth. When strangers begin flocking to my consulting room complaining of toothache and pains in the jaw, I know that we are going to have a spell of bad weather. A good bit of it is neuralgia, but is is a sure sign.

"This rush of business keeps up until the bad weather is well set in, and when business falls off I know that we shall soon have better weather. When toothache patients are few and far between I am assured that we are in for a spell of fine weather."

Is Marriage a Failure?

Maria, the colored maid, had been neglecting her work shamefully. Her mistress remonstrated, but in vain. Finally Maria's carelessness called forth a sharp rebuke. To soften the sting the mistress added:

"Maria, I think you must be in love."

Maria, who was resting ruminatively on her broom handle, drew herself up and replied with great dignity:

"Deed, ma'am, I's a married 'oman!"—Judge.

One Exception.

Ned—I called upon Miss Outertown last night, determined to win her. She accepted me all right.

Dick—Good for you! Carried every thing before you, eh?

Ned—Not everything. When I started to catch the last train home I carried her father's bulldog behind me.

A PURE AIR RHAPSODY.

Draft, Not Cold, Is the Thing That Is Harmful.

Keep your thoughts on pure air in the home. Don't be afraid if it is a little cold. None of Peary's party caught cold all the time they were in regions away below zero. Pure unadulterated cold is healthful. It is not all the time pleasant, but one can wrap up sufficiently to provide against the discomfort of it. That is easy. That is what they do with consumptives—wrap them up warmly and put them out into the fresh, cold air.

It is not the cold that hurts; it is the draft, which disturbs the temperature of the body and consequently the equilibrium of the circulation, which in turn stuffs up the capillaries, and there you are—sneezing, wheezing, coughing, hocking, grunting and making yourself a public calamity. If one cares to enjoy an interesting scientific research of his own, let him get in a nice little draft, with his side or back to it, and then pay particular attention to what is going on. Pretty soon he will feel a sharp dryness in his throat, a tickling twinge in one nostril, a sort of dingy feeling along one side of the head, and an impudent chill crawling down one leg and gnawing at the ankle. Then he gets up with a mean cold, which, by gentle care of himself, will last him three days.

Therefore, flood your home with fresh air, cold or hot, better cold, but keep an eye on that draft; it is always just on the outside, waiting to catch yo unawares; it is a mean conspiracy and usually aims at nice, thoughtless people. A draft is a worse enemy to a happy, healthy life than all the mince pie, shrimp salad, hogshead cheese, and Welsh rarebit that one can eat at 12 o'clock at night. So, please do not mix your cold with a draft.—Ohio State Journal.

EASY ROAD TO MINER'S HEART.

Child Beggars in Camp Early Become Worldly Wise.

"The mining camp child usually develops into the greatest beggar as a class that child life ever sees," said H. D. Smith, of Milwaukee. "I have never been in a mining camp yet where there were children that one of them did not stop me every now and the and ask for some money or a piece of ore. Their plaintive wails are to be heard on all sides.

"A story is told of a little girl in Dawson who made it her custom to ask every miner she saw for a nugget. She was a cute little thing, and her request was nearly always acceded to. After a while she had $3,000 worth of nuggets collected in this fashion. As a rule, the miner is a generous fellow, particularly in a gold camp where the inhabitants have prospered and where most of the men have claims of their own. Nearly all of them carry loose gold around in their pockets and think nothing of giving little chunks of it away.

"In camps where they are not thus supplied with gold they usually are free with their money and the begging child is tossed anything from a nickel to a dollar."—Duluth Herald.

Bethnal-Green.

Bethnal-Green, whose lawless state has just been revealed before the police commission, seems, in the past, to have been as idyllic a spot as its rural-sounding name suggests, according to the London Chronicle. "By coach," wrote Pepys, in June, 1663, "to Bednall-Green to Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden; the greatest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the blind beggar of Bethnal-Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads * * *" Readers of Percy's "Reliques" will recall that famous Blind Beggar—

"That daylye sits begging for charitie,
"He is the good father of pretty Bessee."

It is a far cry from Pepy's strawberry-growing days to Matthew Arnold's "squalid streets of Bethnal-Green!"

Wood Pavements.

The five cities in which the largest amounts of wood pavement are found are, in order, Indianapolis, New York, Minneapolis, Toledo and Boston. Together these cities have more creosoted wood pavement than all other cities in the United States combined. The total amount of this pavement in use in this country at the end of the year 1905 was about 7,100,000 square yards, equivalent to nearly eight miles of pavement on a street 30 feet wide.—Woodcraft.

Welsh Rabbit Fiasco.

"When I was starting my apartment," remembered the bachelor, "several of my lady friends wired me they would bring a small party of people up for Welsh rarebit. I went out and bought a chafing dish, the handsomest I could find; a dozen plates, silver knives and forks and spoons and napkins, and a table to set the rabbit out on, so that the rabbit, which at a restaurant would have cost me about a dollar all told, cost me about $35. And then they didn't come."

Shopping Politeness.

"Never point, my dear," said the mother, gently.

"But, mammia," objected the little girl, "suppose I don't know the name of the things?"

"Then let the salesman show you all he has in stock until he comes to the article that is desired."

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MONDAY, FEB. 25, 1907

NEW POINTS AGAINST WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

The following dispatch appeared lately in the New York World:

"I am certain that we could be intrusted to vote properly on any old proposition," said Mrs. Julia M. Reed of Mount Vernon, a nervous little woman, at the hearing today before the Senate Cities Committee on the Raines bill, which would permit women taxpayers in third-class cities to vote on all tax propositions.

"It's grotesque," declared Mrs. Charles O. H. Craigie, of Brooklyn, "to say that a great many women are not better fitted to vote than the majority of men."

"Permitting women to vote in third-class cites," said Mrs. Richard K. Noye, of Buffalo, as she glanced coldly in the direction of the two previous speakers, "will simply open the door to general woman suffrage. If that ever comes to pass there will be 3,000,000 negro women voting, and the ballot will be placed in the hands of 60,000 disreputable women in New York City alone."

Among others to speak against the measure was the wife of Bishop Doane of Albany. Each side was allowed half an hour, but they coaxed Senator White, the chairman, and secured an extension of time.

The battle will be continued tomorrow, when a hearing on the Hill Woman Suffrage bill will be held. Tomorrow night a woman's suffrage mass meeting will be held in the Assembly chamber.

But why is it any worse to have 3,000,000 negro women voting than the same number of negro men? We are able, perhaps, to show the New York attitude on this question in a light not yet thrown upon it.

The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads:

Article XV.

1. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

2. The Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation.

This amendment, of course, though covering other races, was intended primarily to confer franchise on the negro. It was not acted on by Tennessee and was rejected by California, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland New Jersey and Oregon. The other thirty states ratified it, but New York rescinded its ratification on Jan. 5, 1870, or almost three months before the proclaiming of the adoption.

It looks as if the New York feeling against the negro had not died out in thirty-seven years' time, but whatever one's attitude may be aganst woman's suffrage, the alleged new argument against it is absurd. The female negro can be no more inferior to the male negro than the female white to the male white. That stands to reason, doesn't it?

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE JUDICIARY

Ex-Congressman Henry M. Baker of Bow, this state, while the Legislature is in session once in two years and of Washington, D. C., the rest of the time, at present Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representives in this state, and by virtue of that position, supposed to be the Republican leader on the floor of the House, has demonstrated that he is not large enough for the job. Compare him with the late floor leader, Gilman Marston of Exeter, with the later floor leader, Bachelder of Keene, and with the later still floor leader, Blatchelder of Littleton. Mr. Baker at this time seems to have lost the confidence of the House. His utter lack of tact and his openly expressed petulance over his inability to lead the House are so patent that his inutility as a floor leader is the more emphasized.

He also lacks the power to make his committee a cohesive body. All important matters so far, coming from the committee to the House have been with majority and minority reports. No judiciary committee in recent years has received such drubbings on the floor of the House as his committee has this session received.

It is common in Concord for a representative to remark that it is safer for the House to overthrow reports from this committee than it is to adopt them. There may have been a time when Mr. Baker was a great man.

OUR EXCHANGES

Our Ships

How often we speak of those bright happy hours,
Which we spent in that cool, shaded nook,
Where the whispering pine trees bent from above,
O'er the rocks in the clear, purling brook.

We played that the brook was an ocean so wide,
On which floated our grand mimic fleet
To some far distant country, for things rich and rare,
Gold, silver, and spices so sweet.

But some of our boats were soon wrecked on the shore,
And some found a deep, watery grave,
But the rest would return from those countries so fair,
And bring us the gifts that we crave.

But so many the years since we sent them adrift,
That the dreams of our childhood have fled,
And some of our playmates have gone far away,
Some have slumbered for years with he dead.

But we who are left hold in memory dear
Whispering pine trees, with brooklet shut in
Where we sent forth our ships heavy freighted with hope,
But, alas! they have never come in.

—By Lucy A. Marston of Hampton, reprinted in Exeter News-Letter.

Talking, of Course

The report reaches us from Washington that Congress is behind time in its business. The American world will be curious to know what on earth it has been doing up to date.—Concord Patriot.

Ours, Too

Congratulations to Hon. John Scammon, acting governor.—Exeter News-Letter.

How Interesting

Missouri legislators have before them a bill to regulate the pronunciation of the name of their state.—Concord Monitor.

Particularly the Last

The Thaw trial continues but it isn't quite the whole thing any more. It has to divide the front page with accounts of railroad and steamship wrecks and the doings of the New Hampshire Legislature.—Rochester Courier.

Right the First Time

It is a peculiarly sad list of accidents and calamities which is being rolled up. Railroad accidents are especially predominant and may well lead to the belief that better means of protection to the traveling public should be devised.—Hanover Gazette.

This is a Joke

It is said that one representative from a neighboring town is so opposed to free transportation that he will not even say "please pass the sugar" when at his meals.—Canaan Reporter.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Henrietta Lee

Henrietta Lee is the dashing Widow Montague in B. C. Whitney's musical cocktail, "Piff Paff Pouf," to be seen here in the very near future. Miss Lee, who has a very remarkably fine contralto voice, studied abroad under the best masters and prior to this season has been in some of the leading musical attractions of America. She has played the uart of the Widow in Henry W. Savage's "Prince of Pilsen," was seen in "The Beauty Doctor" two seasons and next season will be starred by Fred Wright in "The Contented Woman." The gowns worn by Miss Lee in "Piff Paff Pouf" are estimated in value at $600 each, the color effects being very beautiful.

New Leading Lady for "As Ye Sow"

The new leading lady selected by Messrs. William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer to portray the part of Dora Leland in Rev. John Snyder's play, "As Ye Sow", which will be presented soon at Music Hall, is Miss Myrtle May. She is a tall, handsome brunette, with wonderful dramatic power, large expressive eyes; and is a splendid elocutionist. Her success has been unprecedented this season and the big dramatic situation in the third act of the play, where she denounces her husband, is given with such dramatic force and intensity of feeling that this young woman, being as she is only twenty-seven years of age, gets curtain call after curtain call. On account of this marvelous display of dramatic ability, she bids fair within the next few years to become one of the greatest actresses ever known to the American stage.

Chauncey Olcott's New Role

As Richard Temple, a happy go lucky young Irish gentleman of the period of 1804, Chauncey Olcott has found his happiest role in the new play, "Eileen Asthore" (Ellen My Treasure), which he is to present at the Boston Theatre, following the engagement of " 'Way Down East."

A HANDSOME BOOKLET

"Home Life of Women in Western Canada," is the title of a handsome booklet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The booklet is finely printed, has numerous beautiful illustrations and the text is very interesting. It is a most valuable addition to the literature of the Northwest.

PAYMASTER ARMS DETACHED.

Paymaster Arms, who was at one time stationed here, has been detached as purchasing pay officer, navy pay office, Manila, to home, settle accounts and await orders.

Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00

LIMIT TO SENSE OF ANIMALS.

John Burroughs Scouts Theory That They Commit Suicide.

"I do not believe that animals ever commit suicide. I do not believe that they have any notions of death, or take any note of time, or ever put up any bluff game, or ever deliberate together, or form plans or forecast the seasons.

"They may practice deception, as when a bird feigns lameness or paralysis to decoy you away from her nest, but this, of course, is instinctive and not conscious deception.

"There is at times something that suggests cooperation among them, so when wolves hunt in relays, as they are said to do, or when they hunt in couples, one engaging the quarry in front while the other assaults it from the rear; or when quail roost upon the ground in a ring, their tails in the center, their heads outward; or, as when cattle or horses form a circle when attacked in the open by wild beasts, the cattle with their heads outward and the horses with their heels.

"Of course, all of this is instinctive and not the result of deliberation, writes John Burroughs in Outing. The horse always turns his tail to the storm as well, and cows and steers, if I remember rightly, turn their heads."

CURED HIM OF CALF LOVE.

Actress' Ruse That Got Rid of Undesired Admirer.

Miss Maud Branscombe the famous actress, relates an amusing story concerning the unappreciated attentions of a youth who once fell in love with her. The young man's parents were much concerned about the matter, and implored the actress not to marry him.

"I'll give him a sound thrashing," said the father.

"Don't do that," said Miss Branscombe. "There is a better way of curing him. After the performance this evening I'll put on an old dress and hat, and make myself up to look quite ugly. You bring your boy around to the stage door and point me out to him as I come out."

This was done, and so cleverly was the ruse carried out that Miss Branscombe heard the youth exclaim to his father as she passed them:

"My golly! I thought she was pretty!"

The Good Little Cent.

Dr. Munhall recently closed a successful religious campaign in Emporia, says the Kansas City Journal. A great many pennies had been put in the offering, and his attention was called to this. One night he held up a silver dollar and a copper penny and gave a conversation hold by the two coins. "You poor little red cent, you; you don't amount to anything, I'd hate to be you," said the big dollar. "I know I'm not very big," replied the cent, "but the children like me, and I can buy a good many things." "Huh! you can't buy anything at all," said the dollar. "Just look at me, big and bright and shiny. I can buy a whole lot more than you can." "Maybe so," said the little red cent, meekly, "but I go to church a heap oftener than you do anyway."

Colors for Emotions.

Leon Gozlan, the poet, has given the impression of colors which he gets from emotions. Thus he says: Piety makes him feel pale blue; resignation pearl gray; joy a pretty apple green; satiety a pale chocolate; pleasure a beautiful velvety pink; sleep suggests tobacco smoke; reflection is orange; pain a scoty black, and boredom is chocolate.

Having to pay a bill makes him feel lead-colored, while to receive money calls up visions of flaming red. Rent day is burnt Sienna. To go for the first time to meet the object of his admiration gives him a week tea color feeling, but the twentieth meeting like the color of very strong tea. No color is suggested by happiness, for he says he has never known it.

Nature's Complexion Bath.

"Do you know what makes the complexions of the English women so beautiful?" asked the woman who has been there. "They deliberately walk about in the rain. They don't carry umbrellas. They wear raincoats, cover their hair with the hoods of them, and go ahead. I have seen them walk with their faces upturned to catch the misty rain that is always more or less in the English atmosphere. It is pretty tough on the little corkscrew curls they make around their faces with the curling iron; but it's just about the best thing in the world for the complexion."

Bismarck's Love of Authority.

At nine p. m. we took tea with the king. I was seated opposite him, when a footman came and whispered in my ear that Bismarck desired to see me. Great embarrassment! Puckler having told me I might leave the table, I did so. The king inquired what was the matter, and permitted me to go. Bismarck had nothing of particular importance to tell me, and I suspect that he only wanted to show that he had the right to send for his employes even when they were with the king.—From the Hatzfeldt Letters.

Two Views of It.

Mr. Lovett—That was Miss McQueen, who just passed. She has such a regal way of walking.

Miss Chellus—Yes, isn't it the silliest wriggle you ever saw?

One Idea of a Good Wife.

Discussing with a representative of an Irish paper the qualities a wife should possess, a tramp said the other day that she should be "an all-round woman," between 40 and 50 years, not handsome, but temperate. "If there is any drinking to be done," he said, "I can see to it. She should be able to walk 20 miles a day, and be good at begging bottles and potatoes, and also at ballad singing. She should be able to fight a round or two to defend her husband when in action."

Most Valuable Meerschaum Pipe.

What is described as the largest pipe in the world is valued at $40,000, and is counted as one of the most remarkable pieces of carving in existence. The pipe is made of one solid piece of meerschaum, and represents the landing of Columbus. There are 24 figures in the scene, each one four inches high. The carver who executed this masterpiece is dead, and, as the demand for this sort of work has nearly died out, it is practically impossible to find a man to duplicate it.

Attracting Attention.

Tennyson was declaiming in sonorous accents on one occasion in the privacy of the family circle against the vulgar curiosity of the mob, which caused him such annoyance, when a small boy present convulsed his hearers and disconcerted the poet by the innocent inquiry: "If you don't want to be noticed, why do you wear such funny clothes?"

No Man Wrote This.

With real friends an affectionate kiss now and then is all very well, but why should one's nice, fresh cheeks be annoyed by the promiscuous osculation of a crowd of girls and women? And the worst of it is that they only do it because they think it civil, not because they like it!—The Throne.

A Long Lived Incurable.

Miss Eliza Trigg has died in the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, after having been nursed for a period of 32 years. Miss Trigg, who was 81 years of age, entered the hospital in December, 1874, when her early death was expected.—London Globe.

Through Two Capitals.

Ned Hasty recently visited Washington with a party of "personally conducted" tourists, and here is the letter his father received from him: "Dear Father:—I've been all through part of the national capital and all of my own; please send me $15."

Heat as Healing Power.

Observing in the tropics how the intense heat of the sun accelerated the healing of wounds and burns, a French physician, Dr. Asbeck, used the heat of ordinary fire in 500 cases of burns and wounds, after putting on the usual dressing, and with uniform success.

LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."
Anna Basinet, Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES.

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Eastern and Western
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Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets Etc for Cash at Lowest Market Prices.
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Disease and Health
REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY
"Made a Well Man of Me."
THE GREAT REVIVO REMEDY
produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it with guarantee. Circulars free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago.

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G. E. PHILBRICK, DRUGGIST.

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. Fthc-3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

WANTED—Salesmen of ability and neat appearance to call on all merchants in their territory; elegant side line convenient to carry; good commissions; prompt remittance. Belmon Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.

Boston Tavern.

Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.

Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington S

Boston Tavern
C. L. YORKE, Prop'r.
347 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

STRICTLY FIREPROOF.
European Plan.
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

AN Attractive Contract

The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a $5000.00 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth $7,500.00 and at same time insures the Beneficiary for $5000.00 while travelling, weekly indemnity which would be paid the insured under the double benefit is $50.00 a week, not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only $25.00. The Travelers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

This Co. also writes Health and Liability Insurance.

C. E. TRAFTON
DISTRICT AGENT.

NOTICE

THE subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Abra H. Knox late of Newington in the county of Rockingham, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

JAMES H. KNOX.

Dated Feb. 20th 1907 f21 3t w

PROFESSIONAL CARD

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N.
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

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Plumbing and Heating.
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NO. 17 BOW ST.

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—AND—
BUILDER,
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Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

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What is excellent? BUTTER made at
PHILLIPS FARMS
ELIOT, MAINE.
CREAM that contains no poisonous preservative.

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When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but
GRAY & PRIME
who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

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J. D. RANDALL
Over Fay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H

GEORGE A. TRAFTON
Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.
STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY
NO. 113 MARKET ST

REAR ADMIRAL GOODRICH

May Relieve "Fighting Bob" Evans On Latter's Removal

It is rumored that "Fighting Bob" Evans may shortly be removed from the command of the North Atlantic squadron.

Although nothing definate can be learned of the matter, it is said that the reason for this step is that the naval authorities are not entirely satisfied with his administration.

It is said that not onlyhas he been sick and a sufferer from gout, but that he has ignored the instructions of the general naval board, of which Admiral Dewey is the head.

A secret conference was held at the White House a few days ago, the President, Secretary of the Navy Metcalf and the general board being present, and it is said that the result will be the earlly removal of the famous fighter.

Rear Admiral Casper F. Goodrich, recently in command of the Pacific station, will probably be his successor.

137 PERSONS DROWNED

In Wreck Of Aus'rian Lloyd Steamer Imperatrix Saturday

Trieet, Austria-Hungary, Feb. 24.—The Austrian Lloyd steamer Imperatrix, while bound from Triest to Bombay, ran onto a rock near Cape Flaphonisi, on the Island of Crete, and sank soon afterwards.

Many lives are reported lost but the number is not yet known.

The passengers and crew on board numbered about 150, and it is reported that only 13 were saved.

The Imperatrix sailed from Triest on Feb. 19.

A telegram was received later from the company's agent at Canea which says:

"The following meessage has been received from a lieutenant of the Imperatrix:

"Twelve persons and myself have been saved; the others are on board the steamer, the position of which is extreemly dangerous."

BY THE GRAFFORT CLUB

"The Cricket on the Hearth" Soon to Be Given

Members of the Graffort Club and friends are rehearsing "The Cricket on the Hearth, a Fairy Tale of Home", by Charles Dickens.

This fascinating Christmas story, dramatized durin gthe life of the author, delighted thousands and is ever new. It is a story of home life, "a tender and delicate domestic idyl."

The author tells us that his purpose in writing it was "to awaken some oving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land."

All lovers of Dickens will be glad to renew their acquaintance with John Peerybingle and his wife Dot, with the boy from the Golden South Americas, with Tackleton the toy merchant, Blind Bertha, Tilly Slowboy and the others.

It is hoped that those who passed an evening in the charming society of "Cranford" a year ago and thus contributed to the success of the vacation school, as well as to their own enjoyment, will attend, bringing all their friends with them to hear the kettle sing and the cricket chirp in Dot Peerybingle's cheery home.

Further particulars will be given later.

AT CHRIST CHURCH

Services to be Held There During Lenten Season

Sundays

Holy Eucharist, 7.30 a. m.
Holy Eucharist, 10.30 a. m.
The Catechism, 12.00 m.
Evensong, 7.30 p. m.

Sermons on Sundays: "Christ's Temptations and Ours," 10.30 a. m.; "The Seven Capital Sins." 7.30 p. m.

Week Days

Holy Eucharist, (with hymns), Tuesdays, 10.00 a. m.

Holy Eucharist, Thursdays and Fridays, 7.30 a. m.

Evensong, (except Wednesdays and Fridays), 5.00 p. m.

Evensong and sermon, Wednesdays and Fridays, 7.30 p. m.

Rev. Fr. Field, Superior S. S. J. E., will preach on Wednesday evenings. The Rector on Friday evenings.

There will be a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary at the rectory this evening at half-past seven o'clock.

KITTERY SCHOOL EXHIBITION

Specimens of written work from all **the schools of Kittery, except primary** grades, will be on exhibition in the spare room at the Wentworth School in that town, beginning today at nine a. m., and continuing through the week, from nine a. m. **to four p. m. The public is cordially** invited to call and inspect the work done by the pupils, also to visit the schools. The following week the exhibition will be held at the Mitchell School, Kittery Point.

GOING SOME

At noon on Feb. 6, F. G. Plummer of Seattle, at the wheel of a one cylinder Cadillar completed a 1,000 mile non-stop ride. The entire distance was covered on the streets of Seattle. The start was made Sunday noon after a fall of several inches of snow. Before the ride was a day old, a thaw set in with occasional showers, but through it all the Cadillac kept going and not for a second did the engine shows signs of bucking. The start and finish were made at The Times office and a full 1,000 miles made, with the one-lunger still pumping away when the stop was made. The ride consumed 54.5 gallons of gasoline, 2.5 gallons of oil, about eighteen miles to one gallon of gasoline and 100 miles to one quart of oil, this trip over snow and ice in the Winter. The one lunger can't be beaten for simplicity, economy and durability. All Cadillacs will do it.

TO REPRODUCE GOVERNOR LANGDON HOUSE AT JAMESTOWN

The Governor Langdon House in this city will be reproduced as the New Hampshire state building at the Jamestown Exposition.

This week should bring the appropriation bill.

IT BEGINS TODAY

Commission's Inquiry Into Harriman Railroad Interests

New York, Feb. 25—Did the interstate commerce commission mean to hand Edward Henry Harriman a lemon when it fixed upon today as the date for resuming its investigation into the financial operations of the Harriman railroad interests? But perhaps the I. C. C. did not know that today was Mr. Harriman's birthday.

It was just fifty-nine years ago, on Feb. 25, 1848, that the man who now controls over 25,000 miles of railroad with a total capitalization of over $1,700,000,000, first saw the light of day in the rectory of a little church at Hempstead, L. I., where his father was an Episcopalian minister.

Young Harriman entered Wall street as a clerk in the sixties. In 1870, when thirty-two years of age, he was able to buy a seat on the New Yoak Stock Exchange. In 1883, he came actively into the railroad field. In 1887E, he became vice-president of the Illinois Central railroad. The year 1907 finds him in control not only of the Illonois Central but the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Baltimore and Ohio, Chicago and Alton, and Kansas City Southern.

And now the interstate commerce commission purposes to find out hoy he did it. It has already conducted hearings in Chicago and on the Pacific coast relative to the traffic and operating departments of the Harriman roads. Today the hearing will be resumed in this city with especial reference to the financial methods of the Harriman corporations.

That the greatest importance is attached to the present stage of the investigation is evidenced by the fact that Chairman Knapp has brought all the members of the commission to New York to take part in the inquiry. Heretofore it has been deemed sufficient for ony one or two of the commissioners to conduct a hearing.

It is expected that the commission will sit continuously here until the investigation is over. The examination of Mr. Harriman is to be the first feature on the program. When his testimony has been obtained that of Jacob H. Schiff, D. Ogden Mills, William Rockefeller and other big financiers will be sought. Several of those whose testimony is desired are in Europe and it is thought quite likely that they will find it convenient to remain abroad until the investigation is concluded. Prominent among the absentees are James Stillman and Charles A. Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and a director in both the Union Pacific and Illinois Central railroads. H. H. Rogers and Henry C. Frick probably will be caled upon to tell what they know regarding the Harriman system of finance. President Winchell of the Rock Island, President Felton o fthe Alton and a number of other railroad executives are also slated to take the stand as witneses.

HAS A FIRE NET

Dover Department Profits by Experience of Recent Fire

The Dover fire department experienced the need of a fire net at the Cocheco mill fire recently and at once ordered one for the use of the department.

It will be attached to the hook and ladder truck and will be carried to all fires from now on.

If the Portsmouth department should add one of these to the hook and ladder, with the equipment now carried, it would be a toss-up whether the apparatus would reach a fire or not.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor Feb. 24

Arrived

Tug Catawissa, Anderson, Philadelphia, towing barges Brookside for Newburyport, Corbin for Portland and Neshaminy for Bath (in for harbor; all badly iced up).

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Rockland, Saturday (was badly iced up).

Wind easterly, light; becoming fresh southerly, with snow at dark.

AT THE NAVY YARD

A question has been raised in the navy department whether it is worth $750,000 to repair the Oregon and Massachusetts to bring them in the class of modern ships. This is the kind of work Portsmouth navy yard needs and should get and not a lot of crippled gunboats sent here to go out of commission and to be tied up for safe keeping.

The following are the ships of the navy that have been lent to the naval militia: Aileen, New York City; Alert, San Francisco, Cal.; Alvarado, New Orleans; Dorothea, Chicago, Ill.; Elfrida, New Haven, Conn.; Gopher, Duluth, Minn.; Essex, Toledo, O.; Granite State, New York City; Hawk, Cleveland, O.; Huntress, Camden, N. J.; Inca, Fall River, Mass.; Miantonomoh, Baltimore, Md.; Newark, New York City; Oneida, Washington, D. C.; Pinta, San Diego, Cal.; Portsmouth, Hoboken, N. J.; Puritan, Washington, D. C.; Sandoval, Rochester, N. Y.; Shearwater, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stranger, New Orleans, La.; Yantic, Detroit, Mich.

The battleship New Jersey sailed from Boston navy yard on Sunday to join the fleet in Cuban waters. Private W. H. Carson, who proved the most interesting member of the ship's crew and was most in the public eye while the ship was there, was not on board when the ship sailed. He has not yet been apprehended for his "Houdini" escape in irons from the ship's brig, where he was confined awaiting trial for his previous comic opera escape, dressed in the uniform of Capt. Parker, the ship's marine guard commander.

The workmen had a hard time landing from the large rowboats this (Monday) morning . Floating ice blocked the way to their landing and they were forced to get in at the storehouse dock, near the bow of the U. S. S. Austria.

The yard workmen's train got stalled in the snow on its way back to the station today (Monday) and a shifter was sent over to help it out.

About two weeks will be allowed for clearing the stores from the U. S. S. Austria and placing her out of commission. The ammunition is now being taken off.

The yards and docks electrical department is removing the new machinery recently installed in the wooden dry dock.

With the wind blowing a fierce gale and the snow blowing into every hole and corner, everybody who had reason to move on the outside found today one of the most disagreeable of the Winter.

MR. WYMAN INTERESTED

Becomes Associated With New England Paper Goods Company

Walter W. Wyman, a gentleman with twelve years of experience in the manufacture of paper boxes, has recently become associated with the New England Paper Goods Company of this city. The company has completed arrangements for the extension of its business, under the superintendency of Mr. Wyman.

This firm, which came to Portsmouth without blare of trumpets and asking no favors, has steadily progressed and is now fully established as a sound industry of the city. New machinery is being installed, making the equipment of the factory on Hanover street thoroughly up to date.

The officers of the company, in a recent conversation with a representative of this paper, spoke most optimistically of the prospects for the future.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

BREEDERS' CLUB INSOLVENT

The New England Breeders' Club has been adjudged insolvent by Judge Hoyt of the Rockingham county probate court. Benjamin R. Wheeler of Salem, this state, has been appointed receiver.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

Shedding the Light.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure nad good without the world being the better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

Never Perfect.

"You often hear people speak of a perfect avalanche," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "did you ever see anything more imperfect than an avalanche?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Old American Coins.

There are two American quarter dollars of the year 1853. The first was the type of the preceding year, and is rare. The second has arrow points at the sides of the date, also rays behind the eagle, and is very common.

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH PARTY.

Two Girls Gave a Novel and Original Entertainment with Pictures.

Two girls who are enthusiastic amateurs in the use of the kodak gave a delightful and original party last year, says a writer in The Housekeeper. The invitations sent out were kodak pictures of the two entertainers in different poses, but in each instance a newspaper, book, fan or umbrella concealed the faces. The invitations ran:

"These headless ladies at home, January 12, 8 o'clock."

Not a little guessing and comparing notes was necessary among those invited to decide with certainty upon the identity of the would-be hostesses.

The guests were received in a pretty room, half studio, half sitting room, where, after a few minutes' lively conversation, they were given cards decorated with tiny photographs of the house in which the party was given, with pencils attached.

Their attention was then called to the numbered photographs tacked up on the wall, each representing some well known book. The titles were to be written opposite the number on the card corresponding to that of the photograph. In one or two instances, where the book title was not widely known, the name of the author was printed on the card.

Miss Alcott's "Little Women," "Little Men" and "Old-fashioned Girl;" Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," and Holmes' "Over the Teacups" and "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" lent themselves readily to photographic illustration. Among others were "The Masquerader" (a lady in domino and mask); "Prince (prints) of Indian;" "The Crisis" (in fudge making), and "To Have and To Hold" (a wedding).

Thirty minutes were allowed for making out the list of titles. The prize for the most complete list was a handsome photograph in passepartout of a locally celebrated spot. The consolation prize, the photo of the family cat, yawning prodigiously.

Partners for supper were selected by matching kodak pictures cut in half. The menu was written on the back of a mounted photograph of the principal public building of the city. The evening closed with fun and flashlights.

Mud Houses Built By Wasps.

A naturalist has thus described the habits of a species of wasp that makes it's nest of mud, says the Dundee Advertiser. The mud of which their nests are composed, he said, is often carried for some distance, and it is essential for them to use good, stiff clay. At the edge of some pond or stream you may see these insects roll sticky little balls out of the stiff mud with their strong jaws. With this heavy load of mud they rise slowly, and, having gained some height, they get their bearings and fly in a straight line to their nest. In this they resemble the bees; indeed, all the wasps and bees seem to have a wonderful factuity for flying directly home from any point. When the wasp has gained the place selected for a building site she puts the tiny ball of mud against the wall of the building and ribs it tight by moving her head from side to side very rapidly. The outer surface of the nest shows a series of rings, with sharply defined lines between most of them, but the interior is always extremely smooth and almost a perfect cylinder. While building her nest the insect continually runs in and out of the tiny cylinder, examining it minutely with her "feelers." If a rough place is felt on the inner surface she carefully sets to work and rubs it smooth. When the cylinder is finished the wasp goes hunting for spiders.

Pecan Orchards in the South.

"Just as the people of the north eat peanuts in great quantities so do the people of the south eat pecans," remarked Allan Dupre, a merchant of New Orleans. "On the streets of New Orleans are many venders who sell them in all sorts of ways—shelled, unshelled and in candy form. Peanuts are sold, too, but pecans have a far greater sale.

"To meet the demand for them, which is growing, pecan orchards are now being laid out in the bottom lands of the far south. When old timber is cut down pecan trees are planted. Many pecan orchards are gradualily growing up. They are of slow growth, requiring about 15 or 20 years to reach maturity, but they are profitable. The main supply comes from Mexico, some 60 carloads of shelled pecans being shipped from there every year, for the most part to be consumed in the south, but in a decade the main supply will come from the southern states, which will thus gain a new industry."

Spoiling a War Story.

There is a certain war veteran in Boston whom we will call William Brown. He has an honorable record and is fond of relating incidents of the rebellion. He often tells how he got a cut on the head from the sword of a confederate cavalryman. There is a small bare place which he says was the scar of this wound. Many a time we who work in the same office with him have heard this story.

Brown has a brother Charles who came into the office the other day to make a call. Bill was at his desk writing when Charlie walked up behind him and giving him a slap on the shoulder, said jocosely: "Well, Bill, I see you still have that scar on your head where Butler's dog bit you when we were boys!" From that time one of Bill's war stories getr little credence from us.

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The boy's ward robe. Our "green tag" sale of Juvenile Clothes is still in progress and while it lasts, which will be only a little while longer, you can save a generous part of the former selling price of these garments.

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THE BETRAYER

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILMORE.

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When a man deliberately, nay designedly entices his friends to excessive drink, has them carried to his room—in a burst of good fellowship—cares for them, furnishes them up to meet their lady friends, and incidentally relieves them of a ten—twenty—fifty, as the case may warrant, you would call that man a thief, would you not? And with all good reason.

So then, Bettison was a thief. But wait; a thief from necessity, not preference. Certainly not the pinching necessity that makes men beg bread, shovel snow or work in mines, but a sort of refined want—the lack of those little delicacies of life without which some people find it next to impossible to exist. The paltry two thousand a year, Bettison argued, would be scarcely sufficient to keep him in trousers, to say nothing of enabling him to wed the fair lady of his heart, she who claimed all that was good and best in him.

A thief from choice is essentially mean, scheming, without honor. A thief from necessity may be none of these things—or at least not all of them—only weak, pitiably weak, and with a conscience.

Still we shall have to admit that Bettison was a thief, a common thief, notwithstanding this nicety of distinction.

On this particular morning the gentleman in question reclined before an open window, reading and rereading a curious letter that the morning's post had brought him. It was the third of a series. The first had caused him some uneasiness—mostly amusement—the second looked serious, and now this other forced a sense of distinct alarm upon him. The following is what he read:

"I have appealed to your honor, your conscience, your pride—all to no avail. I am now going to try your common sense. Stop this miserable practice at once. At present it is known certainly only to myself, who am your best friend. I don't wish to disclose my identity, so take this, the one way to help you. Common sense will show you that, although over an anonymous signature, there is only truth in what I say. The time will come when exposure will be inevitable. Take my advice. The world provides labor for every honest hand, and you yourself have a keen distaste for this business. A FRIEND."

Bettison crumpled the sheet of paper viciously and tossed it in the fireplace.

"D—n such a letter!" he fumed. "If the fellow's really my friend, as he says, why in thunder doesn't he come to me in a decent way and talk it over?" He snapped his finger with a little gesture of annoyance and took one or two excited turns up and down the room. Then he paused in front of the grate and fished out the crumpled letter from the charred ashes and studied it narrowly. It is a fact that our attention to trivialities is very marked at a time of great seriousness or importance, and it is no less true that our faculties are extremely dull in the direct face of overwhelming evidence also, at such a time.

Bettison studied the paper carefully for traces of familiarity in the handwriting to that of his friends—those he numbered as such, rather. There was something subtly familiar about the shape of the p's and h's, but a close comparison failed to disclose any even distant likeness to the writing contained in letters he had received from time to time from his friends and acquaintances.

No one—not one of them, his victims, could have been the author. He felt almost sure of that much. In the first place, they had really never suspected—indeed, what should a man suspect upon recovering from a spell of alcoholism, except that he had played the fool, spent or gambled away his money, and been charitably spirited off by a thoroughly good fellow who was bent only on protecting his reputation, as any gentleman would? Furthermore, even supposing they could talk, would they? Hardly.

In all probability some one was playing a practical joke on him—or maybe one of the men did vaguely, just vaguely, suspect him and was stretching this neat little trap to catch him. That settled one aspect of the case. Under no circumstances must he cease suddenly to practice these somewhat furacious little courtesies. Such had been his intention a while back, but the letters put all thought of that out of the question for the present. His marriage must be postponed—anything but that he should fall into the trap, if trap it really was. He could not be too cautious.

So the days came and went, with every now and then a renewed appeal from the unknown "friend." The letters finally grew ominous, almost threatening, and Bettison grew nervous, pale and restless. Where was his alternative? If he kept the thing up he would be caught beyond a doubt; if he stopped it, he would be caught just the same. Then he bethought himself of one possible way out of the difficulty—rather slim it was to be sure, but nevertheless worth a trial. He would give a dinner to his friends, his victims—all of them. At that dinner he would bring up the subject of the letters—it should all be a great joke, a joke on himself. He would watch them, every one, watch them like a hawk, singly and collectively. Then he should know!

Bettison lay face downward on a lounge in his room. The dinner had been a great success—socially. So had the joke. The joke had been huge. The host had been toasted and toasted again. It was a very merry crowd, indeed, and it had taken quite reluctant leave.

Bettison was baffled. His artifice had succeeded well—and ill. It had assured him in one respect and left him floundering more hopelessly than ever before in another. He laughed. Some malicious person, an unsuspected small enemy, perhaps, was trying to work him harm, trying to rob his peace of mind. It was a startling coincidence. Again he shivered. There was something strangely impressive and confident about the letters—or rather the writer of them—that sent a chill to his marrow. So he dreamed and argued and solved and unsolved and wondered and almost went mad at times.

Presently a shrill whistle aroused him and he started up swiftly as the postman repeated his whistle. He seized the letter with trembling fingers and broke the seal. It ran:

"This will inform you that the police are already on your track. I did my best to head you off, but it was futile. I was forced to do this thing in the name of justice. I warned you that I should notify the authorities if you continued. It will be useless for you to attempt to leave the house, as it is even now under surveillance."

Bettison ran his cold fingers through his hair and read and reread the words with hunted eyes. He passed the next hour in a trance. Finally, worn out in body and mind, he sank into a stupid sleep.

Crash!

The door was pushed violently open and two armed policemen entered the room.

Bettison started up wildly, glaring about him as the meaning of it all rushed to his muddled brain. His hands dropped limply. As they fell a pen-staff clattered to the floor and rolled under the table. One of the men stooped and picked it up. The point was wet with ink. Bettison glanced at the table in quick horror. A sheet of paper with a few written words on it stared up into his eyes. And this is what it contained:

"Fool that you are, why did you not take my advice and save yourself? Now it is too late, too late. Justice is bound to claim its own in the end. Hope—"

It broke off abruptly and a great ink spot smeared the page.

Bettison recalled with a sinking heart that he had been more or less addicted to somnambulism all his life, especially when ill or worried. Fear had egged him on and he had written all those letters himself! Conscience had made him his own betrayer.

What he had lived in constant terror of some one else doing he had done himself.

SCORED ONE ON COUNSEL.

Lawyer Proved Himself Weak on Forming Impressions.

A veteran member of the Baltimore bar tells of an amusing cross examination in a court of that city. The witness had seemed disposed to dodge the question of counsel for the defense.

"Sir," admonished the counsel sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want facts. We are quite competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" and "no" from the witness. Presently counsel asked:

"You say that you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"Well, to the east, then?"

"No."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the west of him, do you not?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished attorney asked. "You say you live next door to him, yet he lives neither to the north, south, east, or west of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

Whereupon the witness "came back."

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness calmly, "but I see I must inform you that he lives the next door above me."

Walking Fish.

Visitors to the zoo have now the opportunity of observing the curious habits of that strange animal, the walking fish (Periophthalmus Koelreuteri). By a modification in structure the pectoral fins are converted into perfect organs for walking. And in its native haunts the walking fish may be seen hunting insects on the mud flats of tropical coasts. It is enabled to remain out of the water by reason of the air bladder, which acts as a lung. And certain experiments which have been tried by Day seem to show that the walking fish would drown if kept in deep water. At the zoo they may be seen actively scrambling up out of the water on to the refuges provided for them. Here they assume their characteristic attitudes, as that of a man resting his elbows on a table. They then raise their heads and take a deliberate view of their surroundings. Their quaint appearance is emphasized by the large, rounded, and prominent eyes placed on the upper side of the head. These eyes can be elevated or depressed at the will of the animal.—London Globe.

NOT AN ORDINARY MEMORY.

The driver of the furniture moving van admitted that he had a very bad memory. In fact he could hardly remember what work he had performed the day before.

"No, I can't recall just where it was that Mr. Suddenmove had me take his household goods. My memory is very poor, sir," he replied to the bill collector.

"But you moved him only a week ago."

"Yes, sir, but you see we move so many people that it's a hard matter to recollect."

The bill collector slipped a half dollar in the man's palm. "That ought to do your memory good," he remarked.

"It ought to," the man replied, "but you see this ain't no common, everyday memory of mine, and it has to be jogged considerable. Why, it cost Mr. Suddenmove a dollar to make me forget."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Different Shades.

The celebrated medium rapped three times on the black cabinet.

"And now, kind sir," she said, in a spooky voice, "what shade would you like me to tell you about?"

"Why," replied the little man in the audience, "I would like you to tell me the shade my wife told me to match when I started down town today."—Chicago Daily News.

An Infallible Rule.

"Mr. James is very fond of mushrooms," said Mrs. James, "but I am so fearful of his eating toadstools that I almost never get them. I wish I knew a way to tell the difference."

"I know an infallible rule."

"Do tell me, and I shall be your everlasting friend."

"If you die, it's toadstools; if you live, it's mushrooms."—Judge.

He Was Satisfied.

Father—Is the teacher satisfied with you?

Tommy—Oh, quite.

"Did he tell you so?"

"Yes; just the other day he said to me: 'If all my scholars were like you, I would shut up my school this very day.' That shows that I know enough."

Good in Bald Heads.

"I always patronize a bald-headed barber," remarked the wise guy.

"Because why?" queried the simple person.

"Because," explained the w. g., "he can't separate me from the price of a bottle of hair tonic."—Chicago Daily News.

A Little Careless.

"She wrote a dandy sensible article for the magazines on how to live on a thousand a year, but none of them would buy it."

"How was that?"

"She forgot to have any money left over to subscribe for magazines."—Judge.

Nonbeliever.

"All we women want," remarked the strong-minded female, "is justice."

"I don't believe it," rejoined the fussy man. "If such were the case you would cease to patronize photographers who have the best retouchers."—Chicago Daily News.

No Dream.

A kiss on the lips,
If you'd pause to inquire,
Is worth about fifty
Sent you by wire.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THOUGHTFUL.

Mother—Take care, Freddy. That bridge looks very unsafe. You'd better let your father go first.

Goodfellow's Mistake.

First Clubman—How does it happen that Goodfellow has such a hard time getting into society?

Second Clubman—Society found out that he wanted to get in.—N. Y. Weekly.

There Are Others.

"Clerker seems to be actually jealous of his chauffeur."

"No wonder; he has to pay the man more than he earns himself."—Puck.

Hard to Please.

"Waiter! This looks very much like a hair in this stew?"

"Yes, sir; it's hare stew, sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Sad Case.

Mrs. Blybel—The boy grows more like his father every day.

The Caller—Poor dear! And have you tried anything?

BRITISH MILITARY TRAINING.

Soldiers Play at War on a Vast Tract of Land.

England has reserved a tract of land several hundred square miles in extent on which her soldiers play at war, according to F. A. Talbot in the Technical World Magazine. The Russian-Japanese war served to emphasize the radical revolution which has taken place in warfare due to the remarkable improvements which have been wrought in the devising of long-range and quick-firing weapons, combined with improvements in explosives.

The result of this revolution in warfare is that a battle front may range over as much as 60 or 70 miles. Consequently a grave difficulty presents itself in the training of an army to comply with and to understand these new conditions, since it is essential that an army in peace should be brought to a high standard of efficiency which will enable it to cope with any peculiar difficulty that may present itself in actual combat. But to train an army upon this basis necessitates a vast tract of land having a conformation of the most difficult nature and far removed from the influences of human habitations, to enable the men to have the fullest scope in which to practice the new conditions of their science.

KEEN INTELLIGENCE WANTED.

A Story That Illustrates What Banks Are Looking For.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association's convention in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

"But above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old Capt. Hiram Cack of Gloucester.

"Cack lay very ill. One day he got down-hearted, feeling that his case was hopeless.

"'I fear, doctor,' he said, 'there isn't much hope for me.'

"'Oh, yes, there is,' the doctor answered. 'Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now.'

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly:

"'What doctor did you have?'"

Sorrows of a Humorist.

"This thing of being a humorist is about the saddest thing I know," sighed Simeon Ford. "An ordinary person can have his moods and humors as he pleases, but I must always be on the job. I am constantly being invited out, not because I'm liked for myself alone or because of my manly beauty, but because I am expected to entertain the assemblage. The rest of the company may be as dull as dishwater, but if I do not shake up the gathering with a few jokes the hostess glares at me and really feels resentful. I may be sunk in the slough of despond, but just as soon as I take my seat all lean forward and eye me expectantly.

"My son, never get a reputation for being funny. It is the most mournful thing on earth."

Organ to Save Woodpile.

A number of years ago a village in the eastern part of the town of Middleboro was very much wrought up over the introduction of a musical instrument in their church service. At the final meeting when the matter was to be settled excitement ran high.

One man whose reputation for honest dealings was not always above suspicion made a fiery speech in opposition. A neighbor whose back yard joined the speaker's could hardly wait for the close of the remarks. Then jumping to his feet without waiting to address the chairman, he said:

"Gosh, sir, if I had known the gentleman was so afraid of an organ I should have had one hung on my woodpile years ago."

Wires Need a Rest.

"Messages," said a telegraph operator, "always slide over the wires better on Monday than on any other day. The wires, you see, have profited by their Sunday rest.

"It is a fact that inanimate as well as animate things get tired and need a vacation occasionally. You know how true this is of razors, of automobiles, of locomotives—and it is just as true of telegraph wires.

"A wire after its Sunday rest gives a quicker, a fuller and a more delicate transmission. It is like a piano that has just been tuned."

Proper Coat of Arms.

John Thomas Brady got in to-night from St. Louis. John Thomas stopped a little while in Pittsburg on his way here.

"I heard some of them guys out there talking about getting a coat-of-arms," he said. "Now, take it from me that the only right thing for most of this bunch in the way of a coat-of-arms would be a set of burglar's tools properly displayed." — Washington Correspondence.

A Slight Difference.

Friend—Well, did you get your copyright for that last work?

Author (mournfully)—I did, but the printers didn't. — Baltimore American.

Continuous Performance.

Well-Meaning Friend—Why have you never reformed?

Mr. Highball — Never reformed? Why I reform every morning

PIEBALD CANNIBAL RACE.

Savages Whose Skins Are Brown with Pink Patches Found by Explorer.

Piebald savages are among the interesting people and things of which Mr. A. E. Pratt writes, says the London Mirror.

Papua is a land of which, as yet, no explorers, not even Mr. Pratt and his son, who accompanied him in his expeditions in the virgin mountains and forests of the land, know very much.

"Fifty years ago schoolboys, looking at their map of Africa, blessed the dark continent for an easy place to learn," says Mr. Pratt in his opening pages. "A few names fringed the coast; inland nearly all was comprehended under the cheerful word 'unexplored.'

"Such in great measure is the case with New Guinea to-day. Its 300,000 square miles of territory, held by Great Britain, Germany and the Netherlands, are destined in the course of the next half century to enrich the worlds of commerce and of science to a degree that may to some extent be forecast by what is already known of very restricted areas."

It is a difficult country to explore, and that for several reasons. The mountains are numerous and steep, much of the soil is broken in a fashion peculiarly irritating to pedestrians, and the natives, without whose assistance practically nothing can be accomplished, are difficult to deal with.

You are entirely in the hands of the natives, without whom you cannot stir a foot. All your impedimenta, your food, stores, scientific implements and "trade" (material for barter, the equivalent of ready money) must go on the backs of your cannibal friends, a people without organization, who are hard to collect and hard to persuade to follow you.

The different tribes which populate the island differ widely in language and character, but all appear to be more or less warlike. The men are well-knit, strongly-built fellows, capable of immense endurance, and—at odd moments—of much hard work.

Among them are a number of curious people whom Mr. Pratt is inclined to take as a hitherto unknown human family, although as will be seen from the following passage, he is not yet quite certain of this:

"An interesting feature of Hula was the presence there of a piebald people," he says. "For the most part their bodies were brown, but they were marked with pinkish patches unevenly distributed. This marking might be due to a disease, contracted from a too constant fish diet; but if it were a disease I could not discover that it gave any discomfort.

"Against this theory must be set this fact, that I observed one man in whom the light markings predominated. In fact, he was quite fresh colored, like an European, and had light hair."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

In Austria They Must Pay Taxes and Are Classed as Regular Tradesmen.

Commercial travelers in Austria have to pay taxes and are therefore considered regular tradesmen, even if they have no open business places or sample rooms. As a rule, good agents, especially if they have business houses of their own, refuse to represent firms who are not well known unless they can get contributions and warehouse expenses. They will not run any risks for firms which are unknown in Austria, and, as there are many firms who will pay liberal salaries if they can get their services, American firms find it difficult to obtain them.

Many Austrian manufacturing firms have branch houses at the capitals, especially at Vienna, but some English manufacturings firms, especially in the agricultural line, have warehouses and even factories throughout Austria, and when a traveler, for instance, leaves the railway station at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, he will soon notice the signboards of well-known English manufacturing firms who do a large trade in Austria and have their warehouses even in provincial towns.

Travelers in Austria are mostly hard working and respectable men, very temperate in their habits and extremely diligent. Nearly all of them travel third class on the railways and with the exception, perhaps, of those in the wine and spirit lines, they are seldom addicted to drinking. A traveler who drinks loses the respect of his fellow travelers.

Crown of Gold.

"The late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet," said an editor, "once addressed a Sunday school in New York. An odd incident happened, though, at its end, an incident that Dunbar laughed at as heartily as the rest of us.

"Dunbar, toward the close of his remarks, said:

"'And, my little friends, if you do all these things some day you will wear a gold crown. Yes, each of you some day will wear a gold crown.'

"A little chap in the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped:

"'My fader wears one now.'

"'No!' said the poet.

"'Yes, he does—on his roof,' said the little chap."

What the Woman Thought.

They were talking about the new star in society.

"She never laughs at jokes," said the man.

"Maybe she has no sense of humor," said the other man.

"Maybe she has false teeth," said the woman.

And then the conversation languished.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Needs of Civilization.

Tradition says the first locks were made in England during the reign of Alfred the Great, but it was not until civilization had progressed to the middle of the fourteenth century that their use became general and only at the highly civilized period of the nineteenth century that steel vaults, burglar-proof safes and such things became necessary.

Woman's Advice Valuable.

When you make a decision, if possible, also get a woman's advice. The intuition of most women is far more keen than that of most men. Talk the matter over with your wife. If you haven't a wife, ask your girl. She will generally astonish you by asking some pertinent and vital question about the proposition of which you never had thought.

Incorruptible Jurist.

The Portuguese say of an incorruptible man: "He does not wear gloves," which recalls the story of Sir Thomas More, who was presented by a grateful client with a pair of gloves filled with coins. He wrote: "As it were against courtesy to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take the gloves, but I utterly refuse their lining."—Sunday Magazine.

Lepers Rouse Alarm.

Lepers at Noumea, New Caledonia, have orginazed themselves into a party in order to secure at the elections to the council-general the return of a candidate favoring their freedom of movement. The local newspapers, recognizing the danger of this step, are complaining of apathy on the part of the government.

Fine Coin Collection.

Walter B. Gould, a well known Bangor, Me., business man, has a coin collection which probably cannot be duplicated in this country. It consists of about 20,000 of the old-fashioned copper cents, dated from 1703 to 1856. They are kept in a huge glass jar and measure a full six pecks.

Hence, Thence, Whence.

We often find good writers using these words preceded by "from;" as from hence, from thence, from whence. This is an error that boys and girls should avoid. Hence means from here, thence, from there, and whence, from where. It is therefore manifestly incorrect to say "from hence," etc.

Well to Remember.

It is generally known that she who steals a kiss from a sleeping man is entitled to a pair of gloves from him. Hone gives as a bit of folk lore that whoever saw the new moon first through glass might take from the man nearest a kiss or a pair of gloves as her right.—Sunday Magazine.

A Suburban Jolt.

Somehow the fitness of things gets a bad jolt when a woman's name appears in the lists of guests at a social function and that same woman comes downtown the next day paring her nails and performing the manicure service as she rides in the trolley car.

Always Look for the Good.

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.

Sign of the Times.

Simplified spelling has reached Harlem. A saloon not far from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Amsterdam avenue displays a sign reading, "Beer Ann Ale."—New York Press.

Unlucky Brides.

Whereas ten years ago silver was the leading item among a bride's gifts, cheap jewelry of a showy though quite up to date class is now given by even the richest of our relations and friends.—The Throne.

How It Sounds.

"When the Russian students give a college yell," remarked the observer of events and things, "it always gives those in the vicinity an idea that the grandstand is coming down."

Realizing Life's Value.

If you live your life well, do your work well, study and learn, you won't wonder what "it's all about." You will value every moment of life as being infinitely precious.

Growth of Finger Nail.

For a finger nail to reach its full length, an average of seven-twelfths of an inch, from 121 to 138 days of growth are necessary.

Safest Whisky.

"The safest kind of whisky," says Dr. Wiley of the department of agricultural department, "is that which is put in bottles and left there."

Heavy License Fees.

Commercial travelers' licenses in the British South African colonies and protectorates amount to $600 a year.

Widows in the Majority.

Widows throughout the world are estimated to exceed widowers in the proportion of three to one.

Voluminous Turban.

A Turkish turban contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest muslin.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

FEBRUARY 25

SUN RISES	6:27	MOON SETS	05:04 A. M.
SUN SETS	5 28	FULL SEA	09:15 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	11 01		09 45 P. M.

Full Moon, Feb. 28th, 1h. 23m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, March 7th, 3h. 42m., morning, E.
New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 10m., evening, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Thirty-two degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

That early Spring will be welcome.

Portsmouth navy yard ought to be given more ships.

The new city charter has received its first amendment.

Portsmouth has been an important fishing port this Winter.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The Legislature passed the tax assessors bill without debate.

It will be hard to beat this Winter's record for zero weather.

This week has a number of interesting events on the calendar.

Spring goods are already appearing in the stores of Portsmouth.

The public school pupils are looking forward to the Easter vacation.

The Graffort Club is arranging for an important dramatic production.

The Rockingham has, at least, as many banquets as any hotel in the state.

The sandman of the street department has been forced to work overtime.

This is the time of the year when the market affords the housewife comparatively little variety.

Some of the weather prophets, especially the more optimistic ones, have been showing signs of discouragement.

That was not a very decisive victory which the girls of Portsmouth High School won at Rochester, but it was a victory.

There will be an interesting contest for the individual championship at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium next Thursday evening.

Skillen, Jack Glaze, Becket, Hazelton, McDuffee, Merritt and Thompson make an impressive pitching staff for the Dartmouth baseball team this year.

Dartmouth's thirty to eleven victory over Harvard at basketball, without the services of Capt. Grebenstein, was very pleasing to the followers of the Hanover team.

DOG TOOK THE COUNT

Giant Mastiff Was no Match for Col. Studley

Col. Edward Studley, who carries out the artistic arrangement of cellulose for Uncle Sam at the navy yard and also keeps the scalers on their jobs, is getting the glad hand on the result of a fierce battle against a big dog in his home town, Hampton, on Washington's birthday.

"Ed" called at a neighbor's to see about the purchase of some hay and when near the place a large mastiff, nothing short of a bear in size, the Colonel says, without any warning, with open mouth and fiery eyes, his molars fairly grinding, rushed at the old hero and the battle was on.

Now the Colonel saw too many fierce battles while carrying the musket during the strenuous days of '61 and '65 to be driven to the tall evergreens by any dog and the way he touched "Carlo" under the lower jaw with his right "brogan" would have done credit to a Spanish bull fighter.

Carlo is said to be now at the morgue expressly for identification and if the owners of fancy canines at Hampton don't wish for trademarks on their pets they must keep them tied up when Col. Edward comes to town.

RECEIVED INJURY

Frank Boomer, while doing some work at The Rockingham a few days ago, suffered a painful injury to his right hand, by getting it caught in a trap door.

LEAGUE MEETING

Interscholastic Schedule Is Made Up

GAMES TO BE PLAYED DURING THE SPRING

There was a meeting in Dover on Saturday of the captains and managers of the baseball teams of the Southeastern New Hampshire Interscholastic League. Principal Robertson of Rochester High School was elected president and Principal Hobbs of Portsmouth High secretary.

The schools represented, besides those mentioned, were Dover High, Somersworth High, Farmington High and Berwick Academy:

A schedule was arranged, as follows:

April 18, Dover at Farmington; Portsmouth at Rochester.
April 20, Dover at Portsmouth.
April 24, Rochester at South Berwick.
April 26, Somersworth at Farmington.
April 27, Somersworth at Rochester; Farmington at Dover; Portsmouth at South Berwick.
April 30, Dover at South Berwick.
May 4, Rochester at Farmington.
May 7, South Berwick at Dover.
May 10, Somersworth at South Berwick.
May 14, Dover at Somersworth.
May 15, South Berwick at Rochester.
May 18, Portsmouth at Somersworth; Dover at Rochester.
May 22, Farmington at Rochester.
May 25, Farmington at Somersworth; Rochester at Portsmouth.
May 30, Somersworth at Dover.
May 31, South Berwick at Somersworth.
June 1, Rochester at Dover.
June 5, South Berwick at Portsmouth; Rochester at Somersworth.
June 8, Portsmouth at Dover.
June 15, Somersworth at Portsmouth.

AT THE ROCKINGHAM

Banquet Of Cappa Delta Pi On Saturday Evening

The third important banquet in a week was held at The Rockingham on Saturday evening, when the members of the Kappa Delta Pi fraternity of Phillips Exeter Academy observed the tenth anniversary of their organization.

The event brought to this city several famous college men, among them James J. Hogan, the noted Yale football captain and tackle. Another was "Tad" Jones, the celebrated quarterback of the Exeter and Yale football teams.

There were toasts to Exeter, Dartmouth, Yale and Tech.

Manager Hughes prepared the following fine repast:

Blue Points
Puree Tomato au Crotons
Celery Olives
Boiled Penobscot Salmon
With Peas
Hollandaise Potatoes
Filet of Beef
Larded with Mushrooms
Sweet Potatoes
Apple Fritters Cognac Sauce
Roman Punch
Roast Vermont Turkey
Chestnut Dressing Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Green Peas Hubbard Squash
Broiled Squab on Toast
Lettuce Salad Saratoga Chips
Chocolate and Vanilla Ice Cream
Assorted Cake Lady Fingers
Macaroons Cocoanut Cakes
Camambert Cheese Cream Cheese
Water Crackers
Fruit Coffee

The toasts were as follows:

"Short but sweet."
Greeting, Prof. Wm. A. Francis, Toast Master
"Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast." Shakespeare
Old Exeter James J. Hogan
"He that will this health deny
Down among the dead men let him lie." Dyer.
Origin of Kappa Delta Pi,
"Here mid the bleak waves of strife and care
Float the green Fortunate Isles." Lowell.
Dartmouth, Samuel K. Bell
"What t' 'ell's the use
Of chewing tobacco when you spit out the juice?" Anon.
Music Wm. Hawke, C. Doble, R. Doble, Allen, Dean, Preston, Robbins.
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
Present of Kappa Delta Pi, K. D. Walker
"Those love her best, who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do." Lowell.
Yale, T. A. D. Jones
"And brought of mighty ale, a quart." Chaucer.
Future of Kappa Delta Pi, F. J. Loftus
"What will come, and must come, shall come well." Heywood.
Tech, C. S. Dean
"My life is one demd horrid grind." Dickens.

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BY ONE POINT

Portsmouth Girls Barely Scored A Victory In Rochester

At Rochester on Saturday afternoon, the girls' basketball team of Portsmouth High School defeated the girls of Rochester High by the lowest possible score, one to nothing. Miss Harmon's goal from a foul won the game for Portsmouth.

Miss Walden and Miss Davis did the best work for Portsmouth, while Miss Foss and Miss Bartlett were Rochester's stars.

The summary:

P. H. S. (1) (0) R. H. S.
Miss Harvey, lf.rg, Miss Wentworth
Miss Hett, rf.....lg, Miss Foss
Miss Pollard, lc.....rc, Miss White
Miss Harmon, rc.....lc, Miss Locke
Miss Davis, lg.....rf, Miss Varney
Miss Walden, rg.....lf, Miss Bartlett

Score—Portsmouth High School, 1, Rochester High School 0. Goal from foul—Miss Harmon. Referee—Mr. Came. Umpire—Miss Matthews. Scorers—Miss Foote and Mr. Smart. Timekeepers—Miss Foote and Mr. Robertson. Time—Three ten minute periods.

NOT IN DANGER

Those Who Buy Short Lobsters At Sea Probabably Not Liable

It is believed by some that the promoters of the plan to buy short lobsters here and sell them as counters in Providence, as before mentioned in The Herald, will not be liable to, or, at least, in danger of punishment.

The smack would leave some eastern port with no lobsters aboard, after notifying her customers in the coast towns when to be on the lookout. At no time would she be within the three mile limit, and all sales would be made on the high seas.

It is said that a fifty-foot steamer has been secured by the company and that twenty feet are being added amidships to her length, which space will be used as a well.

TUG COVERED WITH ICE

The tug Portsmouth, Capt. Charles L. Perkins, was a complete mass of ice from stem to stern on her arrival from Rockland on Saturday afternoon, a result of the heavy nor'wester encountered in coming upshore.

THEY DIDN'T APPEAR

The regular readers of the New York Sunday papers went without their favorite editions on Sunday, owing to the non-arrival of the papers until nine o'clock in the evening.

WILL TAKE IN THE BOYS

One of the local organizations of ladies, known as the L. O. G. Club, has agreed to allow their male friends to join. The charter list will be quickly filled, as the applications are said to be decidedly numerous.

PERSONALS

Judge Thomas H. Simes is in Boston today.

John Flanigan has been the guest of friends in Quincy, Mass.

Miss Marie Peterson passed Sunday with her parents in Beachmont.

Thomas A. McKeen, business manager of "Piff Paff Pouf," is in this city.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Foster will leave for England on April 1.

Curtis Matthews of Bowdoin College has been passing a few days at his home here.

Mrs. Charles Garrity of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Barry of McDonough street.

Miss Mary E. Call of Pleasant street will leave on Friday for Bermuda, to pass several weeks.

Miss Catherine Keefe, who has been visiting her parents in this city, returned to Boston on Saturday.

Roy Ward, clerk at the store of Oliver W. Ham, is restricted to his home on Deer street by the grip.

James J. Ryan and William McGuinness attended the funeral of C. E. Odiorne in Portland on Sunday.

Miss Mary Jones of the Luddy-Currier Shoe Company, Dover, passed Sunday at her home in this city.

Frank W. Amee of Salem, Mass., is passing a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Amee, in this city.

Edward R. Pearson, who has been passing several days in this city, has returned to his home in Schenestady, N. Y.

Judge Edward H. Adams went to Revere, Mass., today (Monday), where he is engaged in legal business.

Supt. J. T. Whittaker of the Rockingham County Light and Power Company is confined to his home by the grip.

Mrs. William Whenel of Greenland and her daughter, Miss Flossie Whenel of Portsmouth, have been passing a few days in Boston.

Perley Storer of Dartmouth College has been the guest for a few days of his parents, Col. and Mrs. William E. Storer of Union street.

Joseph Scott, clerk in the shipping department of the General Electric Company, Lynn, Mass., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Patrick Neville of Islington street.

Sheriff and Mrs. George O. Athorne of Eliot attended the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel K. Holland of Everett, Mass., last Saturday evening.

Edward Nelson of Boston, a former messenger in the construction and repair department at the navy yard, who has been passing a few days in this city, returned home on Sunday.

Mrs. W. G. Meloon and her children will leave on Wednesday for Charlotte, N. C., where they will pass the rest of the Winter. Mr. Meloon will accompany them, but will return immediately.

DEATH OF M. J. PICKERING

At his home in Northport, L. I., last Wednesday, occurred the death of McLaurin Jameson Pickering, in the forty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Pickering was the son of the late Capt. McLaurin Furber Pickering and Georgianna Jameson Pickering of Greenland. Funeral services were held in Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Marden of West Somerville, formerly of Kittery Point, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Della Marden, to Henry C. Davis, Jr., son of Judge and Mrs. Henry C. Davis of Ware, Mass.

Will the High School give Portsmouth its only baseball representation this year?

VERY NARROW ESCAPE

From A Serious Freight Wrek Near This City

One of the narrowest escapes from a serious freight wreck ever known occurred on the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine railroad Sunday afternoon between Greenland and Portsmouth. An extra freight train bound for Portland was passing what is known as the Sally Holmes crossing when the iron work of a truck frame broke and one end of the car tipped in such a manner that one corner rested upon the flange of the wheel. The revolutions of the wheel caused friction and the woodwork caught fire.

When the freight arrived at the station here, the damaged car was discovered by Yard Master Raitt and an examination showed that the iron work which had been dragging had torn up the track bed for nearly a mile and a half.

A shift was made of the train and the car left standing where it was found until the wrecking crew jacked it up and placed another pair of trucks under it.

The car was billed to Cumberland mills and contained a load of clay.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION NOTES

Rev. Fr. Edward J. Kane of Sunbook was announced on Sunday as the visiting priest who will deliver the sermon at the regular Lenten service on next Wednesday evening.

Requiem mass for the soul of Peter F. Butler was celebrated this (Monday) morning at half-past eight.

There will be a requiem mass in memory of the late Dennis Kelly tomorrow morning at half-past eight.

Rev. Fr. William J. Cavanaugh assisted at the forty hours' devotion at Dover on Sunday evening.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. E. M. O'Callaghan, vicar general, is still in charge of this parish and that of Keene. He will continue to perform such duty until the appointment of pastors for both places is made by Bishop Guertin.

PULLMAN WAS LATE

The Sunday evening Pullman train had lots of trouble between Boston and Portsmouth on Sunday and was behind time nearly all the way. When the train arrived here, the car inspectors found five hot boxes, which were fixed up and the train left here forty minutes late.

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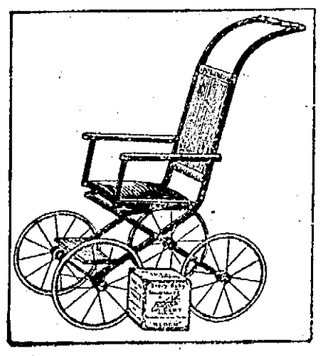
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